

The Sketch

No. 1126 —Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



A LEADER OF THE CHURCH MILITANT: THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN WAR-PAINT.

The Bishop of London, as Chaplain of the 5th Battalion of the City of London Territorials, has arranged to accompany his regiment in the field wherever it may be ordered to serve for at least six weeks. He has been Chaplain to the Corps for several years past, during the annual Territorials' training, has spent some

days with them under canvas, living exactly as any other officer, sleeping in a little bell-tent, marching with the rank and file on foot by day and joining in the fun of the camp at night, and, of course, also taking the service on Sundays. Our photograph shows the Bishop in his chaplain's field-kit for the present war.

Photograph by Russell.



The English in War Time.

Whilst awaiting my summons to sterner duties, I have been carefully observing the behaviour of my country-folk in time of war. I have observed them in the country, I have observed them in London, and I have observed them at the seaside. I shall endeavour to set down the results of my observations. I venture to think that they are not altogether without value, because the outcome of a great war must ultimately depend upon the whole attitude of the nation waging that war, and the nation means the people, for whom and by whom the country exists.

In our village we have taken the war very seriously. I do not mean that we are panic-stricken, or that we have abandoned our usual occupations. But the meaning of war comes home to us whenever we see the sentries with fixed bayonets guarding the railway-line that passes through the village. We swiftly realised that the war might be waged in our familiar fields before very long, and we readjusted our mental attitude towards every-day life and our neighbours. A kindlier feeling at once became manifest; little jealousies and enmities were swept away by the desire to stand shoulder to shoulder.

That was the underlying spirit. The practical outcome was the formation of sewing-parties by the ladies, and a large attendance on the rifle-range by the men. I was well acquainted with the Martini in the old days, but, until a few days ago, I had never handled the modern service rifle, still less had I enjoyed the experience of descending into the pits and "marking" for other riflemen.

In London.

I spent one evening in London. That is not a long time to give to the study of the population of a great city, but it is enough. London is cosmopolitan and pleasure-loving; London is accustomed to consider itself safe from alarms and excursions. I found London much the same as usual. Hawkers were selling flags, of course, and the bills of some of the evening papers were as exciting as possible; but London was comparatively unmoved. I glanced through the open door of a German restaurant, and saw every table filled. I listened to the conversations in the streets; nobody even mentioned the war. I went to a theatre—the Shaftesbury Theatre—and found a large audience enjoying a musical comedy, and the company playing as though the world were at peace.

True, we had a patriotic song—written, I understand, by Mr. Scott Craven—about the British bull-dog. It was a good song of its kind, and well sung, but the audience did not tear up the benches. No, they applauded the song and the singer, and then the musical comedy returned to its normal condition and went on as before. The audience was a mixed one; I noticed a good many Germans, for example. All London audiences are mixed.

London is the last place on earth to get excited about a war. Nothing would excite it but a siege, and even then you would probably fail to notice any marked difference in the Strand.

The Children's Song.

Something has been said about our "patriotic songs." It has been urged that we should not boast in time of war—that we should not speak of our merits until the war is over. I do not agree. Fighting is not like painting a picture or writing a book. You must not approach the matter with diffidence, but with sublime confidence. You are out to do or die. If you win, you can afford to be humble; but you cannot afford to be humble until you have won. A prize-fighter does not say, "I may win"; he invariably says, "I shall win." That is the only possible attitude towards fighting.

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The children understand this because they are simple and unaffected. A party of children were returning from a day in the fresh air—thanks to our great philanthropist, Mr. Arthur Pearson—by the train that carried me to town. Whenever we stopped at a station, they burst into song. The tune was familiar, but the words had a new ring. I managed to catch them at last and jot them down—

Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
Tramp, tramp, tramp they go to war;
So we'll buy a penny gun
Just to make the Germans run,
And we'll never see the Kaiser any more

Brighton and the War.

The next day I came down to Brighton, the most famous and the most typical seaside resort in England. I have studied the Brighton holiday populace on the front, in the music-hall, on the piers and in church. I have found Brighton intensely happy and intensely martial. There is not the least doubt about it; the people here are stirred to their depths, but they are not frightened.

For example, on Sunday evening, Aug. 16, a newspaper-hawker with an unmusical voice marched the whole length of the front with a huge bundle of papers under his arm. I don't know what paper it was, and I don't care. This was what the man shouted—

"Great Battle Begun! Thousands Killed and Wounded!"

Over and over again came the disgusting, penny-snatching bellow, and what was the result? As long as I watched the man—and I could see a long way from my window—he did not sell a single copy! Not one person was gulled into buying his rag! Not one person would take the trouble to find the necessary penny or half-penny! He was a scaremonger doing his utmost to trade on the nerves of the public, and the public simply ignored him! That was splendid, and showed the temper of the English people at this crisis in a flash.

Nothing is more hateful or despicable than the attempt, at this time, to scare coppers out of the pockets of the public. Thank heaven, the public is getting too wary for the success of such contemptible tricks!

Brighton by Night.

Yes, Brighton is taking the war very well. It is sending its men to the front, it is sending its generous contribution to the Prince of Wales's Fund, and it is not crying because its season has been to some extent spoiled. There is no falling-off in the attempt to please the holiday visitor. All day long the beach is crowded, and at night the place is one blaze of electricity.

I had been told, before I came down, that there were no lights on the piers at night, and that the big hotels had to extinguish their lights at nine o'clock. Good gracious! I should not care to tackle the task of counting the electric lights on the Palace Pier between eight and ten o'clock. I have never in my life seen such a blaze. I can only conclude that electric light costs nothing in Brighton. Every evening from my window I watch the lights come on; it takes about half-an-hour to get them all going. What better advertisement for his play could a touring manager desire?

Anybody who is feeling a little hipped about the war should try a week at Brighton. The air will invigorate him, and the conduct of the people will react upon him. One of the most romantic things is to see the tiny little steamer put out from the Palace Pier every evening at dusk. It makes straight for the coast of France, and you lose sight of it altogether. When it returns, an hour or two later, stealing prettily through the night, we breathe a sigh of relief. After all, we are at war with the second Naval Power in the world!

HOW WOMEN ARE FILLING THE GAPS IN THE RANKS.



1. GETTING IN THE HARVEST ON A FARM AT MISSENDEN: WOMEN PITCHING THE CORN INTO A CART.

Owing to the scarcity of male labour in many parts of the country, due to the calling up of Reservists for the War, women are now actively helping in getting in the harvest. In thus taking up the work of the men who are fighting for them at the front they are following the example of their French sisters, as will be seen by a reference to "Five o'Clock Frivolities" on another page. Mme. Troly-Curtin says: "Monsieur Poincaré's advice to the women of my country to try and do the work soldiers have left unfinished

2. TAKING UP THE WORK OF MEN AT THE WAR: WOMEN ENGAGED IN SHEAVING THE CORN AT MISSENDEN.

behind them is excellent advice, though, I am glad to say, entirely superfluous. Frenchwomen have not waited for it, nor, indeed, for the war, to fit themselves for all and any work. . . . In one little French village I know well there is a woman barber, a woman lamp-lighter, a woman dentist, and a coachwoman or job-mistress. These peaceful professions were pursued in times of peace. I never met a Frenchwoman yet who could not do what her husband did—better than he!"

Photographs by Sport and General.

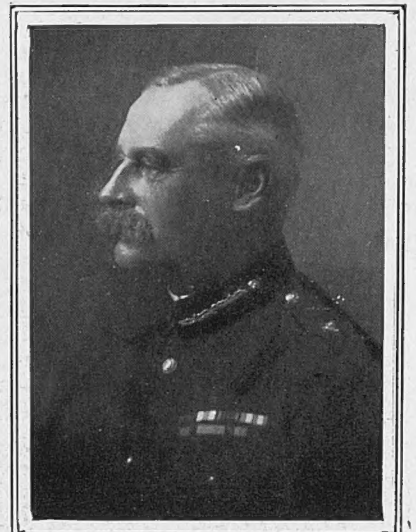
TO EACH AN APPOINTED STATION: PEOPLE FOR THE WAR.



A CELEBRATED BRITISH AVIATOR WHO HAS JOINED THE MILITARY WING OF THE FLYING CORPS: MR. B. C. HUCKS.



EQUIPPING AND ACCOMPANYING A VOLUNTARY FIELD HOSPITAL FOR THE FRONT, SUBSCRIBED FOR BY AUSTRALIANS: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.



IN COMMAND OF THE 4TH DIVISION OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AT THE FRONT: MAJOR-GENERAL T. SNOW.



NOW ACTING AS CHAUFFEUR TO GENERAL JOFFRE, THE FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: BOILLLOT, THE FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST.



A FAMOUS AVIATOR WHOSE MACHINE WAS STRUCK BY 97 BULLETS AND 2 SHELLS BY THE GERMANS: M. PEGOUD.



THE WELL-KNOWN ESSEX CRICKETER AND RECTOR OF BERMONDSEY, WHO HAS LEFT FOR THE FRONT: THE REV. F. H. GILLINGHAM.



THE HEIR TO THE THRONE ON DUTY WITH HIS REGIMENT, THE GRENADIER GUARDS, IN LONDON: THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON THE LEFT) MARCHING THROUGH THE HORSE GUARDS ARCHWAY.



A DUCHESS WHO WILL GO TO THE FRONT IN THE RANKS OF THE RED CROSS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN HER UNIFORM: THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

All sorts and conditions of men—and of women, too—are being drawn into the great whirlpool of war, and our illustrations show a number of well-known people whose activities lie normally in more peaceful spheres, who have already proceeded to, or are now leaving for, the front in various capacities. Aviators, motorists, cricketers,

princes, dukes and duchesses, as well as professional soldiers, have all their appointed place in the arena of conflict, and are coming forward in their thousands as volunteers for service at the front or at home. The people whose portraits appear above are so well known to all our readers as to need no comment.

Photographs by Sarony, Topical, Rita Martin, Sport and General, C.N., and Pictorial Press.

WIVES OF OUR GENERALS IN COMMAND AT THE FRONT.



WIFE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE FIRST CORPS OF THE
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: LADY HAIG.

Lady Haig, whose husband, Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Haig, is commanding the First Corps (1st and 2nd Divisions), of the Expeditionary Force at the front, was known before her marriage, in 1905, as the Hon. Dorothy Vivian. She is a daughter of the third Lord Vivian. Lady Smith-Dorrien, who was married in 1902, was Miss



WIFE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS OF THE
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

Olive Crofton Schneider. She is the only daughter of Colonel Schneider, of Oak Lea, Furness Abbey. Her husband, General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, was appointed to command an Army Corps of the Expeditionary Force on the death of General Grierson. He has been for some time G.O.C. of the Southern Command.

Photographs by Russell.



WIFE OF SIR JOHN FRENCH'S CHIEF OF STAFF IN THE
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: LADY MURRAY.

Lady Murray, second wife of Major-General Sir Archibald Murray, was married in 1912. She was Miss Mildred Georgina Dooner, and is a daughter of Colonel Toke Dooner, of Ditton Place, Maidstone. Sir Archibald Murray is Chief of Staff to Sir John



WIFE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE FOURTH DIVISION OF THE
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: MRS. T. D. SNOW.

French, the Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force. Mrs. Snow, wife of Major-General Thomas D'Oyly Snow, Commander of the 4th Division, was formerly Miss Geraldine Coke. She is a daughter of Major-General Talbot Coke, of Trusley.

Photograph by Swaine.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE reasons for the unusual step of the reopening of His Majesty's Theatre in the middle of August are obvious, when a pageant like "Drake" is available for revival. The first night was a patriotic demonstration both behind and before the footlights, and the generosity of Sir Herbert Tree and the many players who have given their services on behalf of the Prince of Wales's Fund deserves a rich reward. The popular play was elaborately presented, with Sir Herbert himself as the gallant Drake, and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Elizabeth; while Mr. Philip Merivale, Mr. Roy Byford, Mr. Ben Field, and Miss Amy Brandon Thomas all appeared in their old parts, and Miss Mary Brough, Mr. Charles Quartermaine, and Mr. Murray Carson gave valuable assistance. The audience appreciated to the full the many allusions to the British Navy, which took on a meaning they had not had before; sea songs and the National Anthem were received with enthusiasm; and it now remains with the public to do their best for the revival and the object for which it was produced.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WOMAN AND HER PLACE IN WAR: A DEMONSTRATION.*

Beauty and
the Beast,
War Allied.

There are those who believe—Lord Esher among them—that a country not engaged in warfare infringes the rules in sending Red Cross aid to a belligerent, arguing that those who assist combatants, patching up wounded "to go and kill and maim their opponents break the laws of neutrality as completely as though they supplied arms, or cash, or munitions of war, or even volunteers." For all that, few will cavil when the brave and the skilled do what in them lies to alleviate the suffering which follows every clash of arms. And fewer still will say anything when the "sinners" against international etiquette are women: there are things greater than bowing down to convention, the god of the "civilised." Mrs. St. Clair Stobart not only knows that, but has proved it. Convinced that her sex has definite obligations to the State—and, therefore, definite duties towards it—she has shown to the satisfaction of many that it should be an essential part of that complicated mechanism which is war. Women, she has demonstrated, are capable of taking an independent and serviceable share in National Defence. The recent Balkan War gave her her opportunity: "Women and War—Beauty and the Beast—must make their grim alliance."

The Gap to be
Filled.

"My first task," she writes, "was to discover whether there was anywhere within the Territorial organisation a gap wherein the services of women could usefully be employed. I found my gap in that sphere of operations which comes between the field and the base hospitals. For, according to the usual routine, the wounded receive first-aid treatment and are removed from the battle-field to the field hospital by the Royal Army Medical Corps, and so far all is well. But the R.A.M.C. are a mobile force, and have to move on to other battles with the troops. From the moment, therefore, that the wounded have been first-aided and deposited in the field hospital, they are left to the tender mercies of voluntary orderlies and stray benefactors to take charge of them during their convoy to the evacuation hospitals along the lines of communication, or to the base hospitals, which may be at a distance of many days' journey by road or rail. Precisely during the precious first hours, or it may be days, when most care is needed, least is procurable." So it came that the Women's Convoy Corps was inaugurated.

In the War Zone. Now the Convoy Corps in question could not, under the conditions prevailing in the Near East, do exactly what it wished—it had to become a base hospital within the war zone—but it proved its value again and again at Kirk Kilisse. And, note, it consisted of women only. No one under twenty-eight was eligible, and stability—both psychological and physiological—had to be taken into account. The organiser was a woman, the doctors were women—all were women. The labour was not of the easiest. At Jamboli a hospital, which was formerly a boys' school, contained two hundred beds for two hundred and fifty patients—"lying three in two beds placed close together"—and was staffed by one surgeon and five nurses! Conditions in the fighting area were at least as difficult. The Convoy Corps unit numbered sixteen—the Commandant and Directress, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart; two sisters; four other fully qualified trained nurses; six members for general duty as cooks, dressers, nurses, etc.; and the three doctors, Dr. Alice Hutchison, Dr. D. Tudor, and Dr. E. Ramsbotham. Acting in splendid unison, and after a most trying journey by train and by ox-cart, these ladies chose the headquarters for their merciful ministrations, cleaned the Augean stable (aided by a dozen Bulgarian soldiers and reservists, who served as orderlies), arranged wards and operation-theatres, were attending to out-patients, and were receiving wounded as in-patients well within forty-eight hours, despite great difficulty in obtaining straw and other necessities.

A Hint.

Those who benefited were very grateful. They acknowledged that none could have treated them with greater tenderness, devotion, or ability; and, on the other side, the women of the Convoy Corps confessed that there was no finer gentleman than the poor Bulgarian broke in the war. Here a word for the lady enthusiastic, but ignorant of local conditions—ask before you make. Witness the following: "I often used to wish, as I looked out on all the linen hung up to dry on ropes slung across our tiny back-yard, that the many well-intentioned folks who in England had with much effort contributed bed-garments for 'the wounded in the Balkans,' could have cast their eyes along that line before they had sat down to their sewing-parties. They would have saved themselves much wasted labour. We were fortunate in having been able to ascertain at Sofia the style of bed-garment approved by the Bulgarian soldier-peasantry. . . . But some of the other missions . . . had much trouble. . . . They had provided for their prospective patients long flannel night-shirts of a pattern not even presented now upon the English stage, and the soldiers one and all had refused to wear what they considered an insufficient and indecent covering. They demanded to be put to bed in their dirty old uniforms rather than submit to the indecorum of a night-shirt." There is a single instance of the value of experience! Mrs. St. Clair Stobart has to tell of many another.

* "War and Women: From Experience in the Balkans and Elsewhere." By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, Founder of the Women's Convoy Corps. With a Preface by Viscount Esher. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons.)



"DON'T'S" FOR THOSE WHO WANT REALLY TO HELP IN THE WAR—AND SOME SUGGESTIONS.

The Desire to Do Something.

There is all over our country at the present time a great desire on the part of patriotic people to do something that may help our country during the war. In every town and in every village patriotic ladies and patriotic men to whom war has hitherto been a thing very far off now find themselves brought face to face with its realities, and the men wish to do something physical to help—have a desire to slope a rifle or to draw a sword; while the thoughts of the women turn to deeds of mercy—to nursing the sick and preparing bandages for the wounded.

The Danger of Impulses.

The danger of these impulses is that individual action is very likely to clash with the great organisations that have been thought out before the war and which have their machinery in going order. The County Territorial Associations and every other military body have been deluged with applications from villages and towns to give countenance to the raising of local corps of scouts and town guards. It has occurred to hundreds of country gentlemen that their gamekeepers and those of their neighbours would form splendid corps of sharpshooters—as, no doubt, is the case—but the pressing need is not a *levée en masse*, such as an invasion justifies, but the filling of the ranks of Lord Kitchener's new army and the strengthening up of the Territorials and the National Reserve.

What Corps to Join.

Those organisations have their machinery all in order. Any old soldier who feels the fighting spirit in him revive again should, whatever his rank may have been, put his name on the list of the National Reserve. Whatever voluntary work can be done by old soldiers past the fighting age will best be done through this corps. At the time I write only half of the 100,000 men for whom Lord Kitchener has asked—that he may build up a new army with which to make good the calls for more men from the army in the field—have been enlisted, and any patriotic gentleman who influences a lad of spirit to join a town guard or any local association instead of enlisting in this new army is working against, and not for, the cause of England. The best proposal of the hundreds I have read for giving civilians who cannot leave their employment some share in the military life of the day is that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who suggests that civilian companies should be added to the National Reserve, thus making use of the organisation of that body to give men who have not served a sufficient training to take their place in the ranks in case of invasion.

Lord Rothschild's Warning.

All over the kingdom charitable ladies who do not belong to one of the societies that tend the wounded are making preparations to turn their houses into hospitals, and are organising little local societies to nurse the wounded. Lord Rothschild, as the head of the Red Cross

Society, has warned these kindly souls against the danger of the little charities overlapping the big ones. There should be discipline in charity, just as there is in military life; and the ladies who are putting by great stores of linen for bandages in parts of the country to which the wounded are not likely to be sent, and who are preparing little hospitals far away from the main line of railways, would do far better work in the cause of charity if they reported themselves to the headquarters of the Red Cross Society and took instructions as to the ways in which they can be of use.

Don'ts.

A little volume of "Don'ts" might very well be published to deal with the present occasion, and one of these "don'ts" certainly should be "Don't do without a holiday." Down at the seaside all round our English coasts the towns are crying out for visitors who do not come; all the harmless amusements are in full going order, but the people who should be laying up a store of health against the trying days we shall go through this winter are losing health instead of gaining it by remaining doing nothing in London. A fortnight now at the seaside will stiffen up a man to face his business worries in the autumn and winter; and the men whose business really does keep them in town should send their wives and children down to the sea as usual, for nothing justifies the cruelty of robbing a child of its holidays.

The Genesis of Scares.

And another "Don't" would be not to repeat scare reports, which ninety-nine times out of a hundred are false. If A (who is a feather-headed individual) tells B (who is a sensible man) a ridiculous story that the German fleet has suddenly appeared off Westminster Bridge, or some equally absurd fairy-tale, and B repeats it laughingly to someone else, B's name is very likely to go along with it as the authority for the statement, and other people will probably imagine that there is something in it. I spent a week-end recently on the Kentish coast, and I was told that stories little more ridiculous than the fairy-tale I have suggested above had frightened numbers of visitors away from some of the seaside towns.

A Typical Scare Rumour.

At Margate some scamp had started a rumour that all women and children were to be cleared away from

the sands, and, unfortunately, the people who heard the report and passed it on had not sufficient military knowledge to realise that, had the enemy's war-ships by a miracle suddenly appeared off Margate, the sands would have been by far the safest place for the population, for nothing stops a projectile and deadens its explosion so effectively as a sand-bank. Every other rumour of calamity that the breaking-out of the war has set flying about the coast has been preposterous, as the people who believed them would have seen had they given a few seconds to consideration before passing the story on.



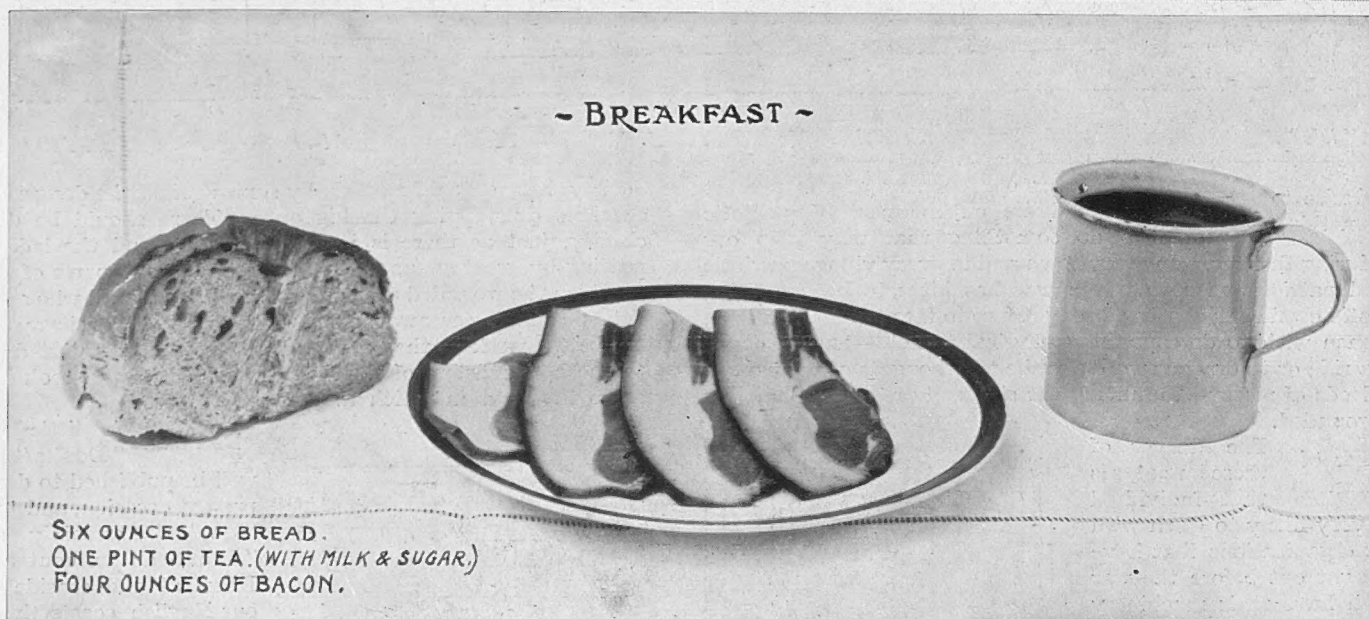
PICTURE POSTCARDS TO SWELL THE PRINCE'S FUND: A POPULAR SCHEME TO RAISE SUBSCRIPTIONS IN SMALL SUMS.

Our illustration shows the first of the Patriotic Picture Postcards by which the Committee of the Prince of Wales's Fund hope to raise a very considerable sum. The prices charged for the cards will be one shilling, sixpence, threepence, and one penny, and there will also be packets containing six cards at one penny. Half the prices charged will go to the Fund. Those already on sale include portraits of the Prince of Wales (reproduced above), the King, the Queen, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, General Joffre, Earl Roberts, Earl Kitchener, Admiral Sir J. R. Jellicoe, and Sir Edward Grey.

FOR SALE.
Dental Copy

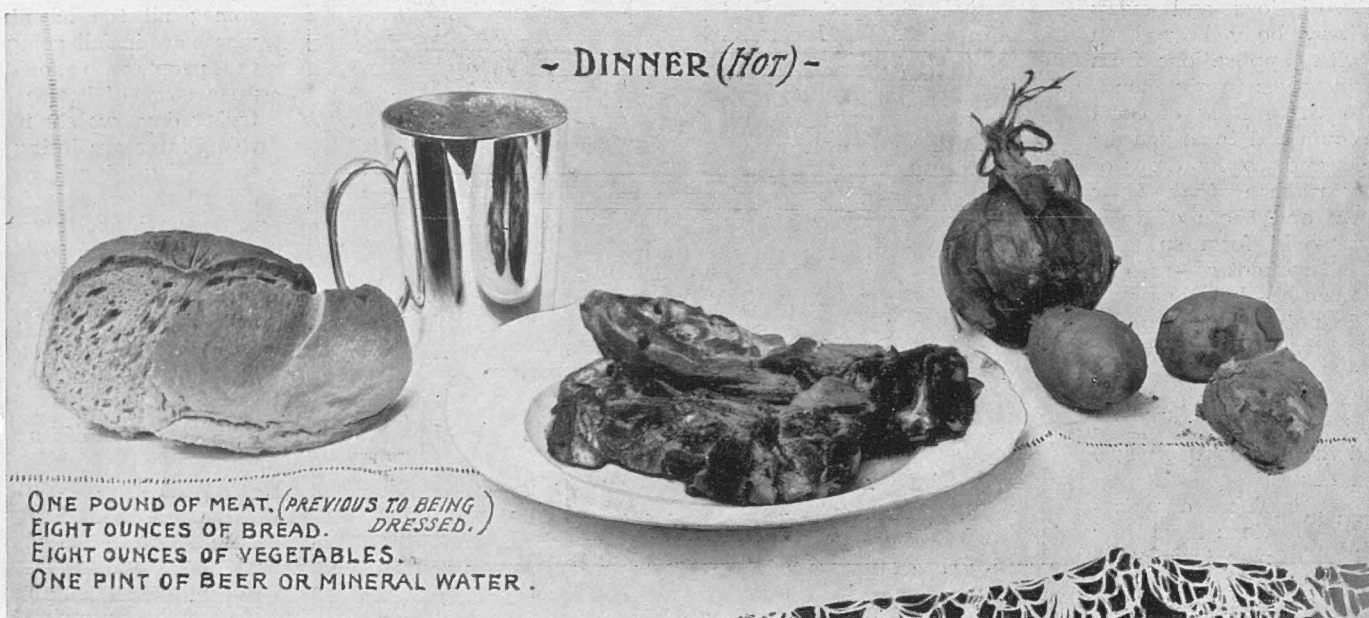
TOMMY'S TUCKER: THE BILLET BILL OF FARE.

~ BREAKFAST ~



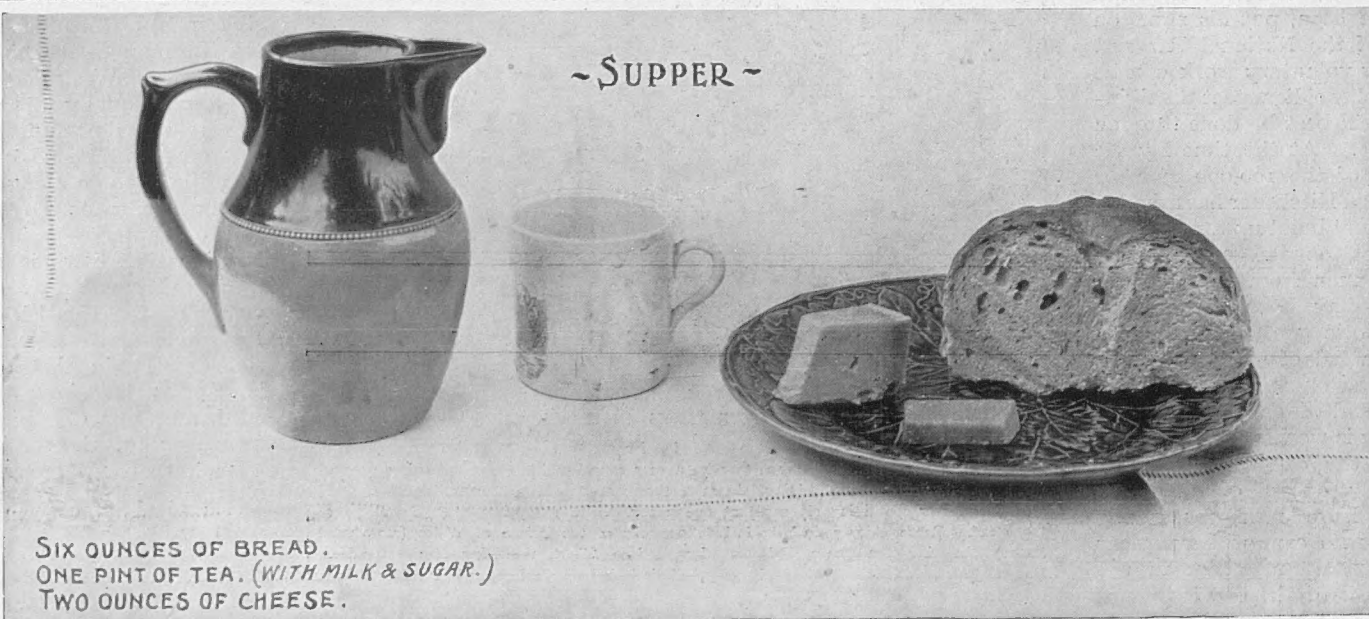
SIX OUNCES OF BREAD.
ONE PINT OF TEA. (WITH MILK & SUGAR.)
FOUR OUNCES OF BACON.

~ DINNER (HOT) ~



ONE POUND OF MEAT. (PREVIOUS TO BEING DRESSED.)
EIGHT OUNCES OF BREAD.
EIGHT OUNCES OF VEGETABLES.
ONE PINT OF BEER OR MINERAL WATER.

~ SUPPER ~



SIX OUNCES OF BREAD.
ONE PINT OF TEA. (WITH MILK & SUGAR.)
TWO OUNCES OF CHEESE.

BREAKFAST; DINNER; SUPPER: WHAT YOU PROVIDE FOR THREE - AND - FOURPENCE - HALFPENNY.

On this page we give a pictorial explanation of the rations which are prescribed by the Government for "Tommy" when billeted on householders in Great Britain. Billeting in various districts has been going on for some time past, and, naturally, as the War progresses, and the recruits for Lord Kitchener's new Army are released from their elementary drills for field training, it will become more general. Our

illustrations show the exact scale provided under the War Office regulations, details of which, with the prices which may be charged, are given on another page. Needless to say, in those households which can afford it, "Tommy" is getting his "tucker" free, and even amongst the poorer members of the community he is being received with open arms as "one of the family."—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

TOMMY'S TUCKER: THE BILL FOR THE BILLETING.

FOR SALE
Sketch Copy



BILLETING TERMS.

The Army Council states that payment will be made for all accommodation secured through the chief officers of police for the purposes of billeting troops. Except in the case of victualling-houses, where payment is made at the statutory rates laid down in the Schedule to the Army (Annual) Act, 1914, payment will be made at the rates shown in a Special Army Order dated August 4, as follows—

Lodging and attendance for soldier where meals furnished	9d. a night.
Breakfast, as specified in Part I. of the Second Schedule to the Army Act—that is, six ounces of bread, one pint of tea with milk and sugar, four ounces of bacon	7½d. each.
Dinner, hot, one pound of meat, previous to being dressed, eight ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, or other vegetables, one pint of beer or mineral water of equal value	1s. 7½d. each.
Supper, six ounces of bread, one pint of tea with milk and sugar, two ounces of cheese	4½d. each.
Where no meals furnished, lodging and attendance, and candles, vinegar, salt, and the use of fire, and the necessary utensils for dressing and eating his meat	9d. a day
Stable room and 10 lb. of oats, 12 lb. of hay, and 8 lb. of straw per day for each horse	2s. 7½d. a day.
Stable room without forage	9d. a day.
Lodging and attendance for officer	3s. 0d. a night.

An officer must pay for his food.

The special rates fixed for troops accommodated in buildings (other than dwelling-houses) where bed and attendance are not provided, and for horses where proper stabling is not provided, are for each officer or soldier and for each horse, 3d. a night.

1. TOMMY WILL ADAPT HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES IF THE SPARE ROOM IS NOT AVAILABLE: SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR.

Our illustrations show two interesting features of the billeting regulations. If it is not convenient to provide meals in a household in which troops are billeted, Tommy will prepare his meals and cook them for himself, but proper facilities must, of course, be given. In the same way, if bedroom accommodation is not available, Tommy will make himself comfortable as best he can, so as to cause everybody the least possible

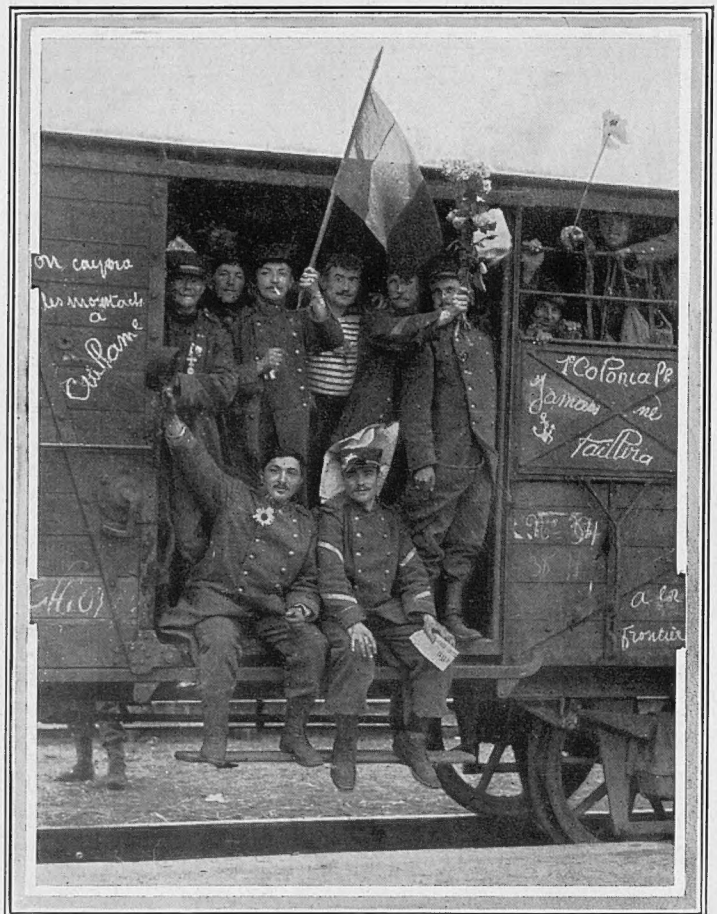
2. YOU MUST PROVIDE FACILITIES, BUT YOU NEED NOT COOK HIS DINNER: TOMMY PREPARING A MEAL ON THE GAS-STOVE.

inconvenience. Inset on this page we give the Official Regulations regarding billeting, and the prices which may be lawfully demanded for the accommodation. Needless to say, in many cases Tommy is getting very much more than the official schedule demands, and his officers are by no means always called upon to pay the bill at the end of his stay.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

FLAGGING; KAISER - MOUSTACHE - CUTTING, AND SYMPATHY.



THE HEAD OF THE PICCADILLY STATUE DECORATED WITH THE UNION JACK AND THE TRICOLOUR! AN ENTENTE DIVINITY.



"ON COUPERA LES MOUSTACHES À GUILLAUME!" FRENCH SOLDIERS GAILY LEAVING PARIS FOR THE FRONT.



THE STARS AND STRIPES IN SYMPATHY: THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH PRESIDING AT A MEETING OF THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WAR RELIEF FUND.

The Duchess of Marlborough presided the other day at a meeting of the American Women's War Relief Fund at 41, Grosvenor Square, lent for the occasion by Mrs. Leeds. The names of those on the platform seen in our photograph are (from left to right) Mr. Loyd, K.C. (of the Red Cross Society), Lady Paget, Dr. Bloodgood (at the back), Senator Chauncey Depew, the Duchess of Marlborough (standing), Mr. Paris Singer, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, Dr. Stewart (of the Red Cross Society), Mr. Walter Burns, Lady Henry, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mrs. Owen. Among the many others present

were: Princess Hatzfeldt, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Countess of Granard, the Countess of Essex, Countess Pappenheim, Viscountess Acheson, and Mrs. J. J. Astor. The Committee elected include Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.—The statue in Piccadilly Circus was decorated with the Union Jack and the Tricolour, it is said, by a Naval Volunteer and a Territorial.—On the troop train leaving Paris may be seen various chalk inscriptions, such as "On coupera les moustaches à Guillaume."

"DEUTSCHLAND ÜBER ALLES."

FOR SALE



NO APPLAUSE !

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



GENERAL SMITH-DORRIEN.

"A Stout Man of Ginniss."

Lord Wolseley "wishes General Butler to convey to Major Smith-Dorrien the expression of his satisfaction at the able and successful manner in which orders have been carried out." That was after the Battle of Ginniss had been fought and won in the Egyptian Campaign of 1886—a battle with a name that set Butler punning about Smith-Dorrien as "the stout man of Ginniss." There was less mirthful matter for talk between the two men—the blindness at home about the Cataracts of the Nile. "War is the sum of all human wrong-doing, and it also holds every other possible injustice in it," Butler was writing home. Butler, even then, as Smith-Dorrien must now recall, believed in a German war on England. He knew how other nations had relaxed their hold on the sword. But Germany had not suffered success to lapse into degeneracy: "The Court remained the camp; the path to honour was across the battlefield; the throne of the Emperor was his war-horse; the royal road to victory lay within the range of the enemy's batteries; and among all the privileges of birth, precedence in battle held the highest place." The words were Butler's; but the sentiments were those of a majority of soldierly observers, of whom Grierson's successor (though never Grierson himself) was one.

Covering the Ground.

Sir Horace has covered pretty well the whole ground open—until the other day—to an English soldier. That means Egypt (many times), South Africa (twice), India, and a host of "penny fights at Aldershot-it." His first fighting was in the South African War that ended with disaster at Majuba. He was at the Battle of Isandula—itself a tragedy, but by no means an inglorious one, though still something of a mystery. Our men died there like Englishmen, but "the more one sees the ground," wrote Colley after the event, "the more unintelligible the whole affair is. The marvel of how a large hostile army could have remained in the vicinity unnoticed grows upon me." When Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien writes his memoirs he will now have greater battles to describe, but let him not forget the engagement that won him his first medals and still puzzles the historians.

His Admirers.

At Isandula, as at Ginniss, he had seen the most serious fighting that could possibly have come his way. Ginniss was the most thorough piece of business put through by our Egyptian Army before Kitchener took it in hand, and Sir Horace put the finishing touches to the engagement when

he and his mounted troops pursued the retiring enemy. A few years later, and he joined the Chitral Relief Force; and in 1898 Khartum came to complete, on a larger scale, his military education in that part of the world. Fourteen years ago he was given the command of the 19th Brigade in South Africa. He kept the lines of communication south of Pretoria, and his Brigade harried the Boers continuously. He came through with promotion, and with Lord Kitchener for a backer. Even Botha, most chary in his admirations for English Generals, found an opportunity of complimenting this most pressing of his adversaries.



COMMANDING THE SECOND CORPS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE:
GENERAL SIR H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN, G.C.B., D.S.O.

It was officially announced on Aug. 19 that General Smith-Dorrien had been appointed to the command of the Second Corps of the British Expeditionary Force in succession to the late Lieutenant-General Sir J. M. Grierson, who died in a train whilst travelling to the front. General Smith-Dorrien has taken part in practically every British campaign in recent years, and the present one will be his eighth.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

The Eighth Campaign.

Sir Horace was half-inclined to think of South Africa as the last of his battle-grounds. At the close of the war he went to India, in place of Lord Kitchener, for three years; after India came Aldershot, and with Aldershot his A.D.C.-ship to the King in 1910. His marriage twelve years ago marked the close of his seventh campaign, and though he had not set his mind on an eighth, he was not unprepared. At Aldershot, as it happened, he had brought manœuvres into line with Continental realism. Dispensing with tents, he bivouacked his men in the open as in war time. Lord Kitchener had planned that the Scottish and Light Divisions of his new army should go through the same course. Sir Horace and his chief had arranged things together at the War Office when the news of Grierson's death came over the wires. It took Lord Kitchener exactly three minutes to appoint a successor.

Of the Smith Family.

Unlike several of the big military men of the moment, Sir Horace is a public-school boy. He is one of the Harrowers of the enemy. The son of a soldier (a late Captain in the 3rd Light Dragoons and 16th Lancers), Sir Horace was born fifty-six years

ago; two elder brothers entered the Navy, and one the Church. His family is the same—with a difference!—as that which lords it in the Scilly Isles: "King of the Scillies" is the local title given Mr. Thomas Smith-Dorrien-Smith, who can claim among other distinctions that he is probably the only Englishman to go to the trouble of assuming the name of Smith by Royal License. French, says the Frenchman, was the predestined name of the Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Forces; Horace Lockwood Smith-Dorrien has its value too; it is British, and it sounds well in the ears of everybody who knows the record behind it.

SOCIETY AT THE SEWING-MACHINE: WAR THE LEVELLER.



1. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AS A SEAMSTRESS: HER GRACE MAKING GARMENTS FOR HER FIELD HOSPITAL IN THE GROUNDS OF HER HOME IN ROEHAMPTON.

2. WORKING FOR THE TERRITORIAL BASE HOSPITALS: VISCOUNTESS GLADSTONE, THE HON. LILIAN AND WINIFRED DOUGLAS PENNANT, AND MISS POOLE, WORKING AT BUCKINGHAM GATE.

Adversity makes strange companions and war is a great leveller of class and caste. In these times of stress, Society is finding things of all kinds to do, and is doing it with all its might. Well-known women, such as Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, have gone to the front with the Belgian Red Cross: some, like Lady Beatty, have equipped and accompanied hospital-ships, whilst hundreds of others are

doing the more humdrum, but necessary, Red Cross work at home. Our illustrations show the Duchess of Westminster at work with her sewing-machine at Gifford House, Roehampton, for the field hospital which she is equipping for the front, and Viscountess Gladstone, with the Hon. Lilian and Winifred Douglas Pennant (half-sisters of Lord Penrhyn) and Miss Poole, working for the four London Territorial Base Hospitals.

Photographs by Alfieri and C.N.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

RESCUING REGINALD.

By LEONARD K. UNWIN.

PAMELA frowned across at me and nibbled viciously at a dainty forefinger. "It's altogether too preposterous!" she burst out at length.

"It is," I murmured soothingly.

She was silent for quite a minute and a-half.

"Reginald is a—a——" she cried in a paroxysm of exasperation.

"He is," I put in heartily.

Pamela raised her eyes of incomparable brown to mine, appealingly.

"Finish the sentence for me," she pleaded.

"Reginald is a large-sized edition of a congenital idiot," I observed tersely, with a genuine willingness to oblige.

"Thank you," she murmured gratefully, leaning back against the cushions of her chair.

"Shall I continue the catalogue?" I asked eagerly.

"No, thank you. You have expressed my opinion beautifully."

I smoked a cigarette reflectively and waited.

"Something must be done," she said imperiously.

"It must," I agreed.

"And immediately," she said decisively.

"At once," I said firmly.

"You are his friend," she went on pensively.

"Well, I occasionally borrow money from him," I replied guardedly.

"True test of enduring friendship," murmured Pamela philosophically.

"He must be saved from this horrible thing—rescued in spite of himself," she went on vigorously. "And you must help me."

"I?"

"Why not?" she said severely. "You are his friend, and you would not willingly see him be led to the altar by this unspeakable person who earns a living by squalling in the front row of a musical-comedy chorus."

"Reginald thinks she is everything that is adorable," I pointed out.

Pamela frowned again.

"Reginald is a nice boy—a very nice boy, but he has no balance, no judgment," she said, with an air of severity.

"Reginald used to like you enormously at one time," I said maliciously. "Was that lack of judgment?"

"We are speaking of present circumstances," said Pamela with a little flush of colour. "What will his people say, his friends think, if he marries this pirouetting person from the Merryanbright Theatre?"

"I give it up if it's a conundrum," I said. "After all, it's old Reggie's own funeral if he marries the girl."

I was beginning to lose interest in the affair, and I didn't see why Pamela should worry her charming little head about it. I wanted to talk about myself for a change. Pamela is the nicest girl I know, and you don't want to talk about another fellow to the nicest girl you know, do you?

"You must sink personal feelings, Mr. Derincourt," said Pamela reproachfully, "and do your best for Reginald."

"Your interest in the matter is quite—er—impersonal?" I questioned suspiciously.

"Quite," said Pamela hastily.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I asked, brightening up.

"Rescue him from this designing, false-teethed, peroxide-haired, padded-corsaged woman," cried Pamela vehemently.

The magnitude of the task almost staggered me.

"And then—?" I managed to gasp.

"And then—?" repeated Pamela, mystified.

"What do I get for pulling old Reggie from the matrimonial precipice?" I explained. "What is my reward?"

"I don't understand you," said Pamela, with bewitching incomprehension.

"The labourer is worthy of his hire," I remarked. I'd heard a Johnnie in Hyde Park say that, and it sounded topping now.

"You are getting mercenary, Mr. Derincourt," murmured Pamela reproachfully.

"Oh, I don't want money—I want something more priceless than money," I said ardently, and looked fixedly at Pamela.

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She flushed prettily and rose.

"Come to me when you have done what I have asked," she said softly, extending a slender white hand, "and——"

"I'll ask for my reward," I said eagerly.

"And you shall have it," she said with a ravishing smile.

"Consider it done," I cried delightedly and rushed off to my rooms to change for dinner.

I trotted round to the Albany and found the Hon. Reginald Gloucester-Cheltenham just about to get into a taxi.

"Hello, old top. Come round to the Regina with me for dinner," I cried heartily.

"Jump in," he said, and we set off.

I set about the rescuing business in real earnest when we were having coffee.

"What's to follow? Doing anything?" I asked casually.

"The Merryanbright, of course," retorted Reginald, in a tone which suggested that everybody should know that that was his evening objective.

"Right. I'll come with you. I should like to see the show, and you haven't introduced me to Miss Delaval yet," I said reproachfully.

"I will to-night. By Jove, old man, she's a stunner!" he cried enthusiastically. "She's a topper—she's a——"

"I quite understand, old son," I said sympathetically, but it was too late. I had started the avalanche, and it overwhelmed me without checking until we got to the theatre.

The entertainment was a musical comedy. I couldn't detect much music in it, and there was precious little comedy; but perhaps that was because Reginald kept up a continuous babble about his paragon.

He gripped my arm suddenly.

"There she is," he whispered in a breathless ecstasy. "Third from the right on the front."

I levelled my opera-glasses at the row of dental-advertisement beauties and fixed the paragon. She was simpering with all the mechanical inanity of the rest.

"Well?" whispered Reginald.

"Ripping," I whispered back, and poor old Reginald was delighted.

I suffered the martyrdom of Reginald's babbling cheerfully, because I thought of Pamela and the reward, and I made myself agreeable to Vera Delaval at supper afterwards, pretending not to see the air of possession with which she regarded Reggie during the meal.

She was quite pretty in a musical-comedy-girl sort of way, but her manipulation of "aitches" made me shudder. My heart yearned towards Reginald and made me more than ever determined to save him from social suicide.

Next morning I decided on the second stage of the rescuing business. I took the car round to the club after lunch, and, as luck would have it, Reginald was there fast asleep in the smoke-room.

"Come along, old son. I'm just going for a run in the country. It'll do you good," I said heartily.

He was not enthusiastic.

"Where are you going?" he demanded ungraciously.

"Not far. We shall be back in time for dinner."

Half-heartedly he got into the car. We whizzed up Piccadilly, through Park Lane, past the Marble Arch, and into the Bayswater Road.

"By the way," I said innocently, "Miss Delaval lives in Kensington, doesn't she?" (She had told me this herself the night before.)

Reginald flushed a bit uneasily.

"Not exactly Kensington, old man—er, West Kensington. It's really Bayswater, matter of fact," he murmured confusedly.

"Looks better on the notepaper, eh?" I said cheerfully.

"Well, let's call on her and take her for a run."

I held my breath anxiously. Reggie's face took on the first look of interest that day, and he actually blushed. I slowed down a bit.

"Don't know whether she'd like us calling on her unexpectedly," he said doubtfully.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE CALL TO ARMS.



LATENT FIGHTING SPIRIT BROUGHT OUT BY THE WAR.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"Nonsense, old son! She'll be delighted, and think you no end considerate," I said heartily.

That was what I told Reginald in furtherance of my plot, but if my limited knowledge of women was worth anything at all I knew that it was highly improbable she would be pleased to see him at what to her would be an unearthly early hour in the day.

Reggie still looked perplexed.

"Which way, old man?" I said cheerily.

"Queen's Road," muttered Reggie, and I slewed the car to the right.

Following Reggie's directions, we turned at last into a side-street composed of melancholy-looking houses of the comfortable-bed-sitting-room-with-breakfast-and-attendance-for-sixteen-shillings-a-week-very-quiet-and-secluded order. We stopped at one a little more melancholy than the rest.

Reggie was beginning to funk it, but I pulled him out of the car and I joyously rang the bell. Reginald stood in a state of nervous prostration on the doorstep.

A dishevelled female person opened the door.

"Miss Delaval at home?" I inquired.

"Step hinside, Sir," said the dishevelled person, impressed by my motor togs and Reggie's topper.

We waited in the dismal hall for a long time until a sepulchral voice from above entreated us to "come hupstairs, please."

Under the guidance of the untidy female we climbed two flights of stairs and entered a mid-Victorian room with apparently hermetically sealed windows. Birds and ornaments in glass cases were the principal decorations. The furniture was upholstered in the ornate commodity known as "rep."

I saw Reggie shudder when his eye had assimilated these details.

I lolled in a springless arm-chair, and Reggie sprawled forlornly on a decrepit couch. We did not speak for ten minutes. Personally, I was experiencing the sensation of a man shut up in a vault.

Reggie's hand flew instinctively to his tie when the handle of the door turned, and we both rose to our feet as Miss Delaval came in. She looked at us in surprise, and then reddened in dismay. It was obvious that the dishevelled female had not acquainted her with our arrival.

This was better than I had expected. The plot was thickening beautifully.

"Hello!" she burst out jerkily. "I didn't know you were here."

Reggie stammered something, and Miss Delaval surreptitiously dropped the cigarette she had been smoking into the coal-scuttle.

"Just called round to see if you would come for a little run with us in the car," I said cheerfully. "We can have tea at Richmond or somewhere, you know."

Miss Delaval looked uncomfortable. A girl in an untidy dressing-gown, with hair in disarray, and bearing every evidence of just having risen, cannot be expected to look anything else in the presence of two men—and one of them a matrimonial fish she had been angling for. She did not look pleased either, and I knew that old Reggie would have a warm ten minutes the next time he saw her.

Before she could reply, the door opened, and a lady of ample dimensions, with a purple face and exhaling an atmosphere of spirits, came in.

"Who've you got 'ere, Maggie, my love?" she said, in asthmatical surprise. "Introduce your mother to the nice boys. You needn't be jealous, dearie. I won't make love to 'em," she added with a snigger.

Poor Reginald was speechless with consternation, and Miss Delaval looked anything but the seductive enchantress of the previous evening. Mrs. Delaval and myself were the only self-possessed people in the room.

Somehow we were introduced, and Mrs. Delaval sat down with the obvious intention of being volubly genial.

"I call it real nice of you to come for Maggie like this," she said, beaming. "You know, pore gal, she don't get much fresh air, bein' at the theayter so much, and, of course, she don't risk 'er complexion by gettin' up too early," she sniggered; "and we can't afford a motor-car—not yet, at any rate," she added significantly. "Maggie—p'raps you didn't know: as 'ow 'er name was Maggie, 'cos she's got Vera on the bills: looks so much better, y'know. 'Sides, no manager would shop you with a name like Maggie Tomlinson—so, lo and be'old, she's Miss Vera Delaval, if you please. Not that there's any disgrace in an 'umble name. Mr. George Bernard Shaw said, 'A rose by any other name would smell just as nice,' and he was quite right, though I don't 'old with all 'is langwidge. But that's neither 'ere nor there. As I was a-sayin', Maggie loves to go in a motor-car. And she's been in a lot, I can tell you," she went on reminiscently. "There was young Lord——"

"That'll do, mother," burst in Miss Delaval, who had been vainly frowning and signalling to her mother in an agony, and was now in a state verging on hysteria.

"Whatdymean?" burst in her indignant parent. "Nice thing if I can't have a little chat with two gentlemen. You go and put

your falderdals on, and I'll do the henterntaining," she added, with a smirk. "Y'know," she said, turning confidentially to me, "she do get up that bad-tempered sometimes, there's no sayin' nothin' to 'er, and——"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Miss Delaval, horribly embarrassed by her mother's never-ending prattle. "I'm sorry I can't go this afternoon," she said, turning to us with what was meant to be a sweet smile. "I could never get ready in time and then get back for the theatre. Another time I shall be delighted."

"Now that's what I calls flyin' in the face o' Providence," protested her astonished mother. "I know what I should do if two nice young fellers—real nobbs, too—was to harsk me to go for a ride. Can't understand it, neither. Never knew you timid before——"

"Mother, be quiet!" entreated the despairing Miss Delaval. If it had not been for the thought of what I was going to ask Pamela after I'd rescued old Reggie, I should have felt real sorry for the poor girl.

"Well," began the voluble Mrs. Delaval again, "seems to me that children nowadays ain't got no sort o' respect for——"

Miss Delaval raised unmistakably appealing eyes to us, and Reginald jumped to his feet with astonishing alacrity, murmuring incoherent regret at not having the pleasure of her company.

We managed to reach the door somehow, after successfully evading Mrs. Delaval's hospitable invitation to "ave somethin'" before we went.

She stood on the top step as we set off and waved a not particularly clean handkerchief to us. Reggie feebly wagged his arm about, and I sighed inexpressible relief when the nightmare street was a mile to the rear. I drove round to Reggie's rooms. We didn't speak all the way. He never said a word until we were inside; then, with a melodramatic groan, he buried his face in his hands.

"What's the matter, old top?" I said, in simulated surprise.

"Ugh, it's horrible!" shuddered Reggie, like a man with the ague. "Horrible!"

I braced myself for the third and last part of the rescuing business.

"That's all right," I said cheerily. "Nobody looks exactly ravishing before—er—breakfast."

"But her mother," groaned Reginald; "she's——"

"But you're not going to marry her mother. Quite a nice, chatty person, I thought."

"Horrible!" muttered Reginald again. "And, Clarence—she smelt frightfully of gin," he added, in a horrified whisper.

"Takes it as a medicine, no doubt," I said consolingly. "Cheer up, old son, there's——"

"I shall never cheer up," said Reginald. "This is the end."

Then I set to work.

I cross-examined Reginald like a lawyer Johnnie and got the following important facts: Reginald was not engaged to the fair Maggie-Tomlinson-cum-Vera-Delaval; he had not yet asked her to marry him; he had not yet even indirectly broached the subject of marriage; and he had not sent her any letters which would be awkward in a breach-of-promise case.

"Then you're all right, old son," I said, slapping him on the back. "Nothing to worry about."

"Think so?" he said, looking up hopefully.

"Sure of it," I said confidently. "Sit tight; say nothing; do nothing."

"Thanks, old chap," he muttered brokenly.

He did sit tight. He did say nothing and he did do nothing—and nothing happened. In a fortnight he looked his old cheerful self.

I thought it was about time to go and see Pamela and get my reward, so I popped round one afternoon. To my surprise, Reggie was there. He nodded, and then looked absent-mindedly out of the window.

Pamela came across to me at once.

"Thank you," she whispered; "you're a real brick."

"That's all right," I whispered back, conscious of having done a very noble thing. "And now for the reward, Pamela."

"The reward?"

"Yes. You haven't forgotten, have you?" I said reproachfully. "You said you would give me something if I only liked to ask for it."

"Of course I haven't forgotten," she rippled, suddenly comprehending; looking at me with an enchanting smile.

I pulled myself together for the greatest task of all.

"I'll give you something best of all," she whispered—"some good advice."

"Good advice?" I repeated blankly.

"Yes. Do what Reggie and I are doing next month," she said, with a flush. "Get married!"

I groped for my hat and tried to articulate, but I could only find three really soothing words.

"Well, I'm ——!"

THE END.

A NASAL RECONNAISSANCE.



DISCOVERING GERMAN SPIES IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

AT my bedside are three books—Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Chance" (of which I read about six pages a day), Baedeker's "Northern Germany," and Baedeker's "Southern Germany." There should be a fourth, Baedeker's "Austria-Hungary," but my naturally frugal spirit revolted against the purchase of this until the actual eve of my journey. It was a holiday journey that I was planning, a sort of grand tour. First I was going to Munich to see whether my friends were right when they insisted that the Bavarian was an entirely different kind of German from his cousins in the North, whether truly Munich was so amusing, so sympathetic a town as the world had conspired to believe it, whether the mantle of simple gaiety that Paris has lost had really been donned by these Southern Germans, whether its modern painting was in very fact more interesting than the modern painting of any other art-centre, and, more than anything else, to see its picture-galleries. From Munich I was going to Vienna, and from Vienna, by a Danube steamer, to Buda-Pesth, thence to some Hungarian village, and then south to Fiume, to Abbazia, to the Lido (where I could bathe in the sea), to Venice, and home through Switzerland. I was to have started on Aug. 6. It was on the 5th that I read that war had broken out. Now I sit at home or in my office and wonder how I should have enjoyed myself. If it had happened that I had planned my holiday to start a week earlier, or if all the war excitements had occurred a week later. . . . In either case I should have been hung up, hung up indefinitely, but not, in these days of immediate firing-parties, literally.

I have always held, and I hold now more strongly than ever, that most joys, and certainly the joys of a holiday, are much keener in anticipation than in realisation. I cannot leave home, but I can

even in three days, to love the Bavarian character; I should have travelled in one of those slow, uncomfortable German trains to Vienna, and should have been impressed once more with its cold splendour (Vienna I have visited—twice, for a few hours at a time—

and my one memory of it is that it welcomes the stranger less warmly and shows itself with more reticence than any other city of my knowledge, unless it be Buffalo); I should be finding out now about the Danube steamers; later I should, I suppose, see the mixed civilisation and barbarity of Buda-Pesth (of course, this idea is nonsense, but only proof will eradicate it from a mind which has been fed on the czardas and the scarlet-coated Hungarian orchestras); I should see the gathering of the Hungarian harvest, and the grapes on the vines; I should cross the Adriatic, and meet with my bare skin its waves, tumbling in Italian sunshine on Italian sand; and I should realise that dream of every tourist—a gondola, the full moon, and Venetian water-ways. These dreams are vivid and happy. Would the holiday have been so full of colour, so untroubled? I should have had trains to catch, and hotel porters would

have incensed me; I should have had to struggle afresh every day to prevent my suit-case being spoiled with hotel labels; I daresay it would have rained; life, in any case, would have been a constant packing and unpacking. No, I feel that in my own garden, where this plum-tree shades my paper from the sun, and where roses in their second bloom fill one's sense with fragrance, my lot is no unhappy one. And yet that sun and that sky shading now gradually where the trees on the hill-top are clean-cut against the heaven into the blue-white of the evening—that same sun and that same sky are over the bloody fields of Belgium, less than a daylight's journey away—much less. In a few minutes darkness will come, a starry darkness, and, shivering slightly, I shall go indoors, to where a small fire reminds one that the autumn comes. I shall barely remember that under these same stars the Germans are leading a fresh assault. . . .

In my office is a young man who should have gone on active service. His regiment has gone. For years he has given up his leisure and his holidays to his training. He should be a good soldier. When war was declared he had to be examined again. He was called out of his sleep at midnight to see the medical officer. "It didn't give me a chance," he said. Not unnaturally, his heart wasn't as steady as it would have been at mid-day. Now, instead of being on active service, instead of the feeling of being a part of the machine of War, he has an office and the dull approach of a London autumn. His has been a keener disappointment than mine!



OUR SAILOR PRINCE WHO IS AT PRESENT ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE "COLLINGWOOD": A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The above photograph, which has only just been published, shows Prince Albert, the second son of his Majesty the King, during the recent Naval Assembly held at Spithead. Prince Albert is now at sea as a midshipman on H.M.S. "Collingwood."—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]

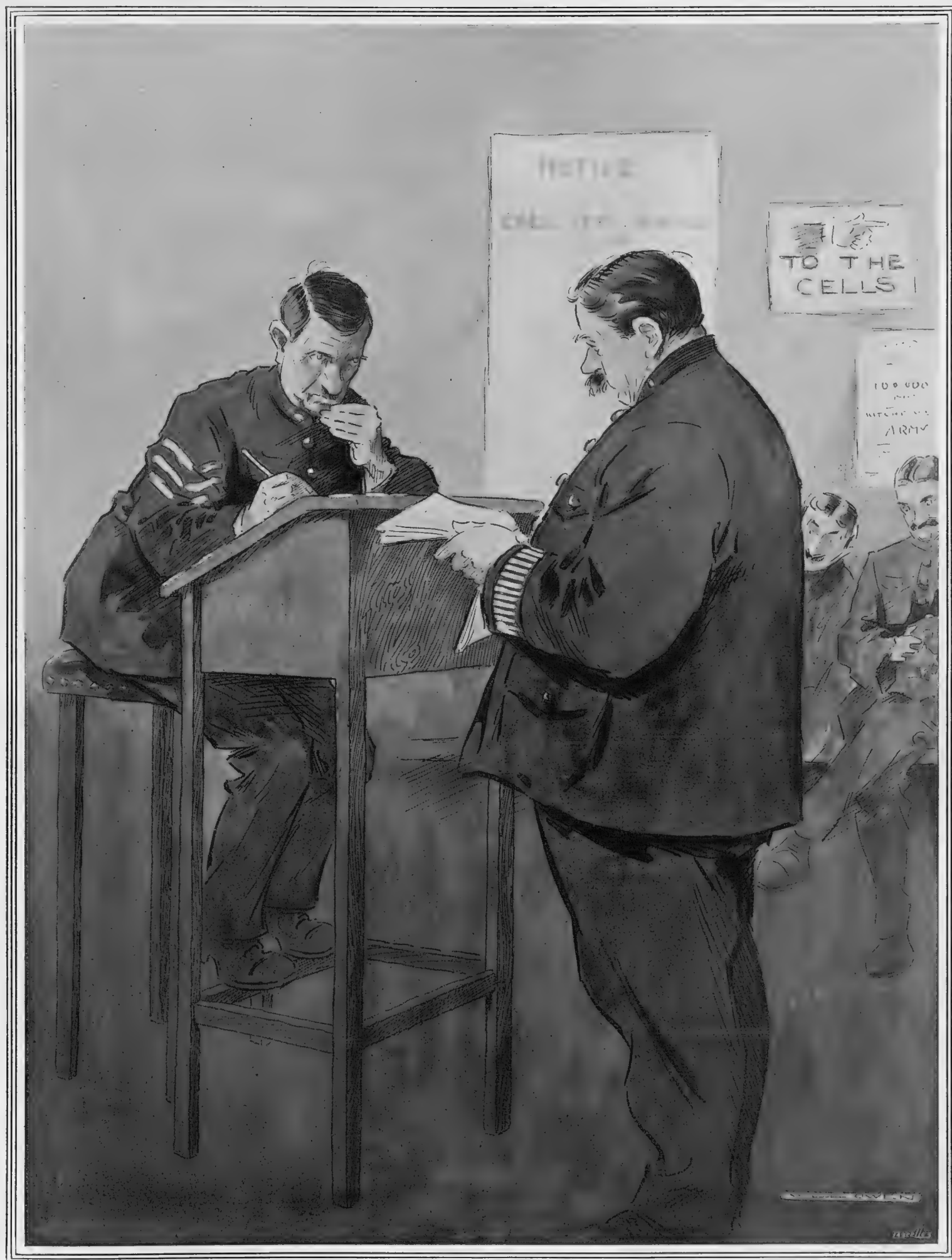


TO FORM A BRITISH RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT THE FRONT: MILLICENT DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND IN NAMUR.

In our last issue we stated that Millicent Duchess of Sutherland had left Paris to work with the Belgian Red Cross Society, and the photograph reproduced above shows her Grace on arrival at Namur. The Duchess was then in hopes of obtaining premises in which to inaugurate a British Red Cross section.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

at least imagine what, if my plans had held, I should have done and should now be doing. I should have seen the pictures in the Pinakothek; I should have sat till all hours in a German café (do you call them cafés in German or beer-halls?); I should have grown,

ANOTHER SPY "SPOTTED."



P.C. A1 (making his daily Spy Report): Case of measles at Number 47, supposed to be German.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

England Transformed.

Whichever way the tide of war may turn at first, there is not a shadow of doubt that calamity or triumph will be met in a sober and steadfast spirit. There is no trace of jingoism at the present crucial hour; even at the music-halls portraits of potentates, patriotic songs, and moving pictures of the British Fleet excite no noisy patriotism. The English folk have set their teeth to endure to the end, and what that end will eventually be—though we trail through the dreadful Valley—reasonable people feel confident. Meantime, nothing could be more futile or ignorant than to belittle German valour or enthusiasm. They are fighting for their existence as an Empire just as we are fighting for ours. They started on misapprehension of national ideals, and with a clumsy diplomacy which has made them the butt of European criticism; and they have shown their fear and anger in a way not exhibited by Western nations. But Teutonic valour is not dead, nor even sleeping.

Our Ignorance of Patriotic Songs.

When the time arrives that we must manifest our patriotism and our friendship for our Allies by singing one of our respective National Anthems, we are considerably at a disadvantage. For most of us have a nodding acquaintance with the music, but a disconcerting ignorance of the words. We can hum the "Marseillaise"—that most inspiring of all battle songs—but how many of us remember the verses, even the first few lines? We are in a like case with "Rule, Britannia," with which we are quite familiar on brass bands, but of which we chiefly remember the line "Britons never, never will be slaves." Personally, I am in the anomalous position of being able to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein"—words and music perfect—because this was instilled into me in early youth in the bosom of a German professor's family in Heidelberg. It is a goodish tune, of the mediocre sort, but useless to me under the present circumstances. The German student-songs are far better stuff, and have a swing and go which should endear them to Teutons on the march. The British soldier seems to prefer "Soldiers of the Queen" and "Tommy Atkins" to more classical soldier and sailor songs; and yesterday I saw a regiment go by singing, *con amore*, the gallant song of the North in the American Civil War, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, But we go marching on." It has always been popular in these islands, and I should not be surprised if it became the marching-song of this war. Curiously enough, the French soldiers have a far better working knowledge of our National Anthem than we have of theirs. The other night, when the last steamer left St. Malo for Southampton, literally thousands of red-trousered infantrymen swarmed on the quay singing "God Save the King" in honour of the English passengers. I wonder what a crowd of British Tommies would be able to do, on such an occasion, with the "Marseillaise."

War and Personalities.

The matrons and nurses of Queen Alexandra's Red Cross Society are very smart in their dress and accoutrements. They wear grey frocks, white aprons, and a handkerchief picturesquely knotted round their heads in lieu of a cap. For mess, they have grey silk dresses; but they do not wear the Red Cross of other organisations. Miss Maud McCarthy, the Matron in Chief, holds a high appointment at the War Office, and upon this capable lady will rest enormous responsibilities and organising work. Miss McCarthy began her nursing career as a Sister at the London Hospital, and rose to be Matron in Chief of the Connaught Hospital at Aldershot, and, finally, the head of the Milbank Hospital.

Her experiences all through the Boer War will be of inestimable value in these far more trying and dangerous times. If anyone wants to appreciate the amazing genius of Florence Nightingale, and the way she changed for all time the lot of the sick and wounded in war, they should send for Sir E. T. Cook's admirable "Life and Letters of Florence Nightingale," which was published a few months ago, in piping times of peace, and probably interested chiefly those attracted to military problems. At the present hour, Queens, Princesses, Duchesses, and the like all are zealous with their plans and offers for base-hospitals; and one Duchess at least is now at the front acting as a Red Cross nurse. Humbler personalities throng the ambulance classes to such an extent that the surgeons are unable to handle them—a class of forty, not of four hundred, being the right size for instruction. Clearly, the women-folk of England are no whit behind the men in offering to "pay with their persons."

Obviously, Women and the Telegraph. one of the public services which trained women can render at the present hour is telegraph and telephone work. The other night, Lord Kitchener sent to the General Post Office for fifty qualified men operators. He was refused—by an official who obviously did not know his ways—on the ground that

the men could not be spared. "If you do not send them at once," replied the Secretary for War, "I shall come and fetch them myself." Needless to say what happened. There must be now hundreds of retired women telegraphists who could rejoin the Government service, or be put in charge of country post-offices guarded by Territorials, thus allowing the men to join the Army or take service in the field. It is quite clear that we cannot all be nurses, nor are we desired in overwhelming numbers to render first aid and carry about wounded on stretchers. Organisation is a feminine accomplishment nowadays, and some of the Suffrage societies are already showing their mettle and turning their network system to account. Feminine influence and feminine energy and enthusiasm must all be brought to bear with all their portentous force on to the present tragic, but on the whole hopeful, situation.



THE MODERN PICTURE DRESS: TWO STYLISH COSTUMES.

On the right is a picturesque dress composed of Nattier blue silk, patterned with pink roses, draped over a flounced white-chiffon skirt. The belt is made of black ribbon velvet, and the fichu of white chiffon. The left-hand frock has a short sleeveless coatee and a full tunic made of sea-green taffeta; the tunic flares out over a pantalet petticoat of frill upon frill of white muslin, and the sleeves and vest of the blouse are also made of muslin. The touch of Futurist silk employed for the waistcoat gives a quaint finish to this costume.

"THE DOGS OF WAR" IN BELGIUM: OUR CANINE ALLIES.



FLEEING BEFORE THE GERMAN INVADER: BELGIAN PEASANTS TREKKING FROM LOUVAIN WITH A CHILD ASLEEP ON A DOG-DRAWN BARROW.



"ALL KINDS OF VEHICLES IN A CONTINUOUS STREAM": ANOTHER GROUP OF HOMELESS PEASANTS ON THE ROAD FROM MALINES TO SAFETY.



FOUR-FOOTED AUXILIARIES OF THE BELGIAN FIELD FORCE: A BATTERY OF QUICK-FIRING GUNS DRAWN BY DOGS, AND CAPABLE OF TRAVELLING AT A QUICK PACE; THE DOGS HAVE BEEN WELL TRAINED FOR DRAFT PURPOSES, AND THE WHEELS OF THE GUNS HAVE PNEUMATIC TYRES, SO THAT THE CARRIAGES RUN EASILY OVER GOOD ROADS.



HELPING THE DOG TEAM IN DIFFICULT COUNTRY: HAULING A BELGIAN FOUR-FOOTED BATTERY UP THE BANK OF A STREAM.

The Belgian Army has put up a heroic defence of its country against vastly superior numbers, and having checked the advance of the invading German Army for more than a fortnight, has now retired to a fortified camp in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, to recoup its strength before again taking its place in the ranks of the Allied armies. The stubborn resistance of the Belgian defenders, and the superb fortitude of the non-combatants, men and women, of the country, in their day of trial is almost beyond praise. Our illustrations show in a striking manner how even women,



WITH ONLY THE CLOTHES THEY STAND UP IN: ANOTHER GROUP OF PEASANT NON-COMBATANTS FLEEING FROM LOUVAIN.

children, and dogs are drawn into the great whirlwind of war. From Louvain and other centres evacuated by the Belgians after a stubborn resistance, the women and children have retreated to safety with nothing but the clothes they stand up in, leaving the walls of their homes and all their household goods in smouldering ruins behind. In Belgium, dogs, of large and powerful breed, are largely used for draft purposes, and our illustrations show how useful these canine allies have been to the Belgians in the crisis.



MAIN ROADS FROM LONDON: WORK FOR WAR-UNEMPLOYED: A CHARITABLE AND MILITARY PRECEDENT.

The Great West Road.

It was not difficult to foresee, when war broke out, that a number of our industries would be dislocated, and that a great amount of unemployment and distress would follow. Naturally, one's thoughts were turned to the question of road-making as a means of finding work, and, as I had already ear-marked the subject for a passing note, I was the more pleased to read the announcement that the immediate construction of the "Great West Road" had been decided upon. This beneficent scheme of the Road Board will now be doubly beneficent, for the project was not only highly desirable in itself, and destined to relieve London from the reproach of being the worst metropolis in Europe where main exits are concerned, but will find suitable employment for large numbers, and at the same time bring about the fulfilment of the ideal at an earlier date than one had dared to hope.

A Splendid Opportunity.

But ought we to stop here? The making of one new highway out of London is only a unit in the vast programme of road reform. Everyone should know by now that while English roads are the best in the world as regards surface, and especially noteworthy in respect of "dustlessness" since modern tarring methods have been practised, they are the worst—among civilised European countries—in the matter of narrowness and all but universal tortuousness. The war has provided, nevertheless, an opportunity for embarking upon a comprehensive scheme of road-building—for the relief, primarily, of unemployment—which will be of lasting benefit to the country generally. It is over a hundred years since a great main road was made in England—namely, the Great North Road—while the designing of new thoroughfares of even short dimensions has been confined almost entirely to urban and suburban extensions. But there are thousands of places where straightenings and widenings could advantageously be carried out, and many where entirely new roads should be constructed. The English coast is sadly lacking in through communication. To reach Felixstowe, for example, one must drive out from Ipswich and come back on one's tracks, for when the coast is reached there is no road available either to the north

Interesting Precedents.

The situation is by no means without precedent. Every tourist knows that the roads of Ireland are not, generally speaking, of superfine quality, but on the west there are some that strike one with all the more astonishment by contrast. And how were the good roads made? They are known to this day as "famine" roads, having been made during the period of the great potato famine in the Emerald Isle.



VICISSITUDES OF THE MOTORIST IN WAR TIME: A BELGIAN ROAD-BARRIER—MORE EFFECTUAL THAN A POLICE-TRAP.

Motoring on the Continent, especially in Belgium, in these days has become a distinctly thrilling pastime. At short intervals the motorist finds himself held up for the production of a military pass. The photograph shows a car thus stopped by an effective barrier across a main road.

Photograph by Sport and General.

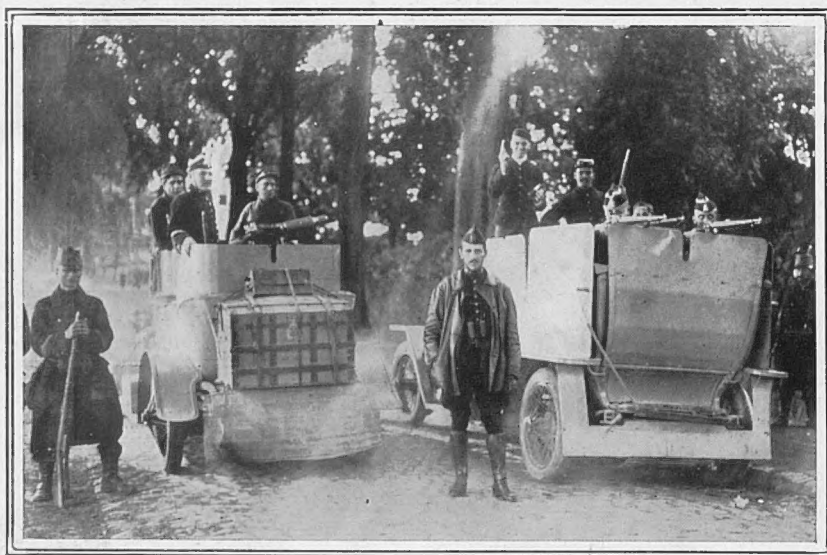
They are to be found, moreover, in the least populous districts—a fact which of itself shows that they were not created simply through urban needs, but for the sole object of bringing relief to a famishing populace. None the less, they have been the means of making the tourist traffic of Kerry and other beautiful districts, and the money was in no sense wasted or spent on benevolent purposes alone. In Scotland, moreover, the roads built by General Wade—which opened up the country as it had never been opened before, and still stand as the best highways in the whole of Caledonia—had a charitable as well as a military object behind the order for their construction.

A Loss to Motoring.

An irreparable loss to motoring in the international sense has been sustained by the death of Baron de Zuylen, who was shot in mistake by a patrol when conveying food in his car to the Belgian troops. The Baron though a Belgian, had been President of the Automobile Club de France for so many years that one never thought of the club without thinking of him also. He presided over every meeting of the International Federation of Automobile Clubs, and was present at every classic race.

A Good Story.

Among the stories he had to tell of the early days of motoring was one concerning the late M. Levasseur, who achieved the memorable feat—as far back, if I recollect aright, as 1894—of driving from Paris to Bordeaux and back at an average of fifteen miles an hour. A banquet was held to celebrate the event, and one enthusiastic guest predicted that he looked forward to the time when they would celebrate not the achievement of fifteen miles an hour, but of fifty. Thereupon M. Levasseur turned to the chairman—Baron de Zuylen—and whispered: "Is it not extraordinary that at functions of this kind there is always someone who will get up and make himself ridiculous?" Clearly M. Levasseur was no hyper-sanguine inventor, but the prediction which he thought ridiculous has long since been put completely in the shade, although he himself did not live to see the "miracle" accomplished.



THE MILITARY MOTOR AS USED IN THE GREAT WAR: BELGIAN ARMoured CARS IN THE FIRING LINE.

Both sides in the war are making considerable use of the armoured motor-car. Of the two shown here, that on the left is armed with a *mitrailleuse*, while the other carries several Belgian sharpshooters.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

or south. Other and similar cases could be mentioned in plenty. Of course, the Road Board has plenty of schemes in hand, but what is wanted is a recognition of the fact that county authorities will be faced by-and-by with the urgent need for providing relief works, and that road-making is a ready means of doing this and at the same time effecting a permanent benefit to the community.

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815	× 120	4	18 0	1	5 0
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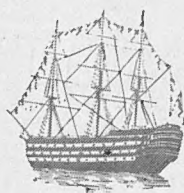
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"The Judge's Chair."

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(John Murray.)

From a granite throne, a relic of the mediæval, but having for footstool a living cushion of grass and buttercups, comes this last series of Dartmoor stories, due, Mr. Phillpotts tells us, to the old, ancient man he found resting there—not bettered, but set down as heard, or at most sometimes edited in lettered prose. If it is, alas! to be the last, it is an entirely charming last, which will give nothing but delight to Mr. Phillpotts's readers, except the keen regret that we shall no more walk with him on this moor, as truly his as Buckingham Palace is the King's. As Tommy Caunter loved the funny stories best, and told his sad stories with a twinkle, his jovial mind makes the judge's chair a cheery place. Never has Mr. Phillpotts's work been more expressive of what Tommy called "a few fine originals" than with these simple narratives of moor-folk. The philosophy that realises love to "be a passing downfall of the thinking parts," and that though "peace-making be noble work for a man, you must always expect, when you start stopping blows, to find the last and heaviest of 'em fall on your own shoulders," is ripe and ready for all purposes of story-telling. It can be charged with feeling and never sentimental, it can be sorry without being superior, and it is fairly sure of being entertaining. One element of this book cannot be Tommy Caunter's: the ever-present sense of the moor and its untamed hills, the tors, the lonely heights of it, the Dart's floods and freshets making silver loops along the valleys where the trees keep tryst with time beside her, and a Greek perception that can glimpse Demeter's self in a moorland maiden, or the flutter of her blue robe across a distant hillside. There works the mind that has charmed us into intimacy with this wonderful corner of England so many

times before; it will do so again and again, because there are one or two volumes on the shelf which will not only bear reading to the second and third time, but actually need it for understanding of their beauty. These tales of water-bailiffs, farmers, and the women beloved of them are pleasant indeed; but it will always be to the longer things—to "The Secret Woman," "The Thief of Virtue," and such considered, laboured work—that the lovers of Mr. Phillpotts's scholarly art will return and return.

"The Mystery of Dark Hollow."

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

(Eveleigh Nash.)

The mystery is the usual sinister one of the story of crime, stained with blood, and baffling everyone except the reader, who has guessed it from the first chapter by simply picking the most honoured and unlikely person on the spot for the criminal. This time it is a Judge—the story happens in America—and, having been obliged to condemn another man to death for the murder, he comforts himself and adds many shades to the mystery of the book by arranging a little cell for himself in his own house and living out of Court as much like a condemned man as possible. The beginnings and the complications of the crime are not ingenious or convincing, but an effect of strangeness will be felt by the reader curious of this sort of literature—a thrill of the remote, of the dreadful—and that is the chief task of its makers.

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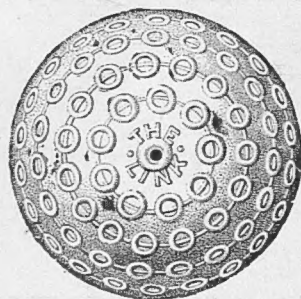
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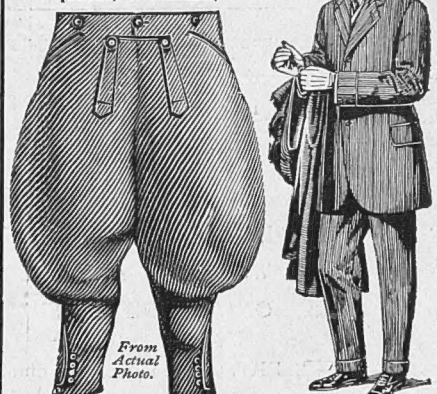
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